

A repeating pattern of pink flamingos holding rifles. The flamingos are rendered in a stylized, pink-hued manner with fine horizontal lines. They are holding black rifles with silver barrels. The pattern is centered around the word "QUEER".

QUEER

Some will read “queer” as synonymous with “gay and lesbian” or “LGBT”. This reading falls short. While those who would fit within the constructions of “L”, “G”, “B” or “T” could fall within the discursive limits of queer, queer is not a stable area to inhabit. Queer is not merely another identity that can be tacked onto a list of neat social categories, nor the quantitative sum of our identities. Rather, it is the qualitative position of opposition to presentations of stability—an identity that problematizes the manageable limits of identity. Queer is a territory of tension, defined against the dominant narrative of whitehetero-

monogamous—patriarchy, but also by an affinity with all who are marginalized, otherized and oppressed. Queer is the abnormal, the strange, the dangerous. Queer involves our sexuality and our gender, but so much more. It is our desire and fantasies and more still. Queer is the cohesion of everything in conflict with the heterosexual capitalist world. Queer is a total rejection of the regime of the Normal.

[...]

In the discourse of queer, we are talking about a space of struggle against this totality—against normalcy.

By “queer”, we mean “social war”. And when we speak of queer as a conflict with all domination, we mean it.

[...]

The perspective of queers within the heteronormative world is a lens through which we can critique and attack the apparatus of capitalism. We can analyze the ways in which Medicine, the Prison System, the Church, the State, Marriage, the Media, Borders, the Military and Police are used to control and destroy us. More importantly, we can use these cases to articulate a cohesive criticism of every way that we

are alienated and dominated.

Queer is a position from which to attack the normative—more, a position from which to understand and attack the ways in which normal is reproduced and reiterated. In destabilizing and problematizing normalcy, we can destabilize and become a problem for the Totality.

The history of organized queers was borne out of this position. The most marginalized—transfolk, people of color, sex workers—have always been the catalysts for riotous explosions of queer resistance. These explosions have been coupled with a radical analysis wholeheartedly asserting that the

liberation for queer people is intrinsically tied to the annihilation of capitalism and the state. It is no wonder, then, that the first people to publicly speak of sexual liberation in this country were anarchists, or that those in the last century who struggled for queer liberation also simultaneously struggled against capitalism, racism and patriarchy and empire. This is our history.

[...]

We need to rediscover our riotous inheritance as queer anarchists. We need to destroy constructions of normalcy, and create instead a position

based in our alienation from this normalcy, and one capable of dismantling it. We must use these positions to instigate breaks, not just from the assimilationist mainstream, but from capitalism itself. These positions can be—come tools of a social force ready to create a complete rupture with this world. Our bodies have been born into conflict with this social order. We need to deepen that conflict and make it spread.

[...]

If we desire a world without restraint, we must tear this one to the ground. We must live beyond measure and love

and desire in ways most devastating. We must come to under—stand the feeling of social war. We can learn to be a threat, we can become the queerest of insurrections.

“Towards the
Queerest Insurrection”

* * * *

“We need to craft a queer agenda that works with the many other heads of the monstrous entity that opposes global capitalism... If we want to make the anti-social turn in queer theory, we must be willing to turn away from the comfort zone of polite

exchange in order to embrace a truly political negativity, one that promises, this time, to fail, to make a mess, to fuck shit up, to be loud, unruly, impolite, to breed resentment, to bash back, to speak up and out, to disrupt, assassinate, shock and annihilate, and, to make everyone a little less happy!”

—J. Halberstam

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By speaking as a monster in my personal voice, ... I employ the same literary techniques Mary Shelley used to elicit sympathy for her scientist's creation. Like that creature, I assert

my worth as a monster in spite of the conditions my monstrosity requires me to face, and redefine a life worth living. I have asked the Miltonic questions Shelley poses in the epigraph of her novel: “Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay to mould me man? Did I solicit thee from darkness to promote me?” With one voice, her monster and I answer “no” without debasing ourselves, for we have done the hard work of constituting ourselves on our own terms, against the natural order. Though we forego the privilege of naturalness, we are not deterred, for we ally ourselves instead with the chaos and blackness from which Nature itself spills forth.

If this is your path, as it is mine, let me offer whatever solace you may find in this monstrous benediction: May you discover the enlivening power of darkness within yourself. May it nourish your rage. May your rage inform your actions, and your actions transform you as you struggle to transform your world.

—Susan Stryker

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Forever in the footsteps of beautiful queers like CeCe McDonald, we frustrated queers and dissidents refuse to take people's shit. Endless solidarity to CeCe and the action she took to

defend her life and safety, and endless disgust towards the state which has twisted her hardship of being assaulted against her with pointless and arbitrary punitive action, further risking her safety.

[...]

As a small gesture of solidarity with CeCe, and all others who suffer under the hand of the racist, trans-misogynist capitalist state, a Molotov cocktail has been tossed through a large window of a Wells Fargo in Portland, Oregon late last night. The flaming bottle flew easily through the

window spewing fire and glass into the building, a delightful and brief escape from the monotony of the endless spectacle.

[...]

QUEERS MAKE TOTAL DESTROY!!
... AND THEY WERE RIGHT—
(A)TTACKING IS SO EASY!
—QUEER ATTACK SQUADRON

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If our victimhood and our isolation is all we share, then we have lost already. But for those of us who share a desire to refuse to play their games and

their proper roles, in is in the course of fighting back against this society that we will find each other, and truly never be alone. It won't get better; there is no future for us in this society. Even better of a reason to tear it apart and take what we need. Every time one of us beats the shit out of a basher, steals money to buy all of our friends the hormones they need, or glues the locks of racist or transphobic business that fired us, we have showed each other that the destruction of the world that makes us miserable is possible, we have built a connection and shown each other that we are not alone. There is no separation between taking back

our ability to survive and destroying the world that has stopped us from living in the first place. It's entirely possible that we won't succeed, but I want us to build this struggle together. I want us to find the friends that we can choose to act with now to better our lives. Most of all I want us to see the smiles on each other's faces when we see that someone has gotten away with striking a blow or getting what they need. It is these kinds of happiness that threatens this world when they are shared and spread because they build our own power and reveal the possibilities of our loves. It may not get better, but we can certainly get

even. And it is in this struggle we can find the joy of living a life on our own terms. I cannot wait to see the ways in which you will rebel, my friend, but no matter what, know that in this rebellion you will never be alone.

“Letter to a Gender Rebel”

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As thousands of people in cities all across the world gathered on November 20th to memorialize the 23 transgender women who were murdered in the past year, some of us decided to skip the opportunity of silently listening to the politicians of the

“trans community” recite the names of our dead over candlelight, romantic as it sounded. Instead we ventured into the mist and fog of a northwest autumn night and put up some graffiti as small gestures of antagonism towards the state, the bashers, and the leftists who use the blood of trans women to build campaigns of hate crime legislation and reform. We are against hate crime legislation because we are against prisons, against the infuriating portrayal of police as protectors, against rising for their judges in their detestable courtrooms, against (though not surprised in the least by) the way that such legislation is used

to defend those in positions of power and because we are, at heart, hate filled criminal enemies of civilized society.

“From Tealights to Torches:
delinquent alternatives to the
transgender day of remembrance”

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We are tracing the lineage of our queer criminality and charting the demise of the social order. And oh the nectar from which we drink: lesbian pirates raging the seas, queer rioters setting cop cars ablaze, sex parties amidst the decay of industrialism, bank robbers wearing pink triangles, mutual aid networks among sex work-

ers and thieves, gangs of trannyfags bashing-the-fuck-back. We've been assured that each day could be our last. As such we've chosen to live as if every day is. In turn, we promise that the existent's days are numbered.

[...]

We queers and other insurgents have developed what good folks might call a criminal intimacy. We are exploring the material and affective solidarity fostered between outlaws and rebels. In our obstruction of law, we've illegally discovered the beauty in one another. In revealing our desire to

our partners in crime, we've come to know each other more intimately than legality could ever allow. In desire, we produce conflict. And in conflict with capital, we may have found an escape route from the deadening of our lives. Our gang's discourse is conflict.

“Criminal Intimacy”

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Many believe Bash Back! went too far in alienating progressive allies in the struggle for liberation. In reality Bash Back! did not go far enough. The ‘better world’ liberals and radical academics speak of is impos-

sible for queer and trans people. The progressive, liberal, and academic establishments are religious capitalists. They profit off our oppression and our resistance to oppression. Progressives and reformists closed the bathhouses, gentrified our neighborhoods and welcomed straights into our strongholds. Radical academics make tens of thousands of dollars a year yet claim to speak for the queer proletariat while simultaneously labeling the queer proletariat as oppressive. It becomes clear when viewing civilization and society through this lens that everything 'better' is actually in one way or another a heterosocial construct aimed at

annihilating trans and queer criminal counter-cultures. As long as academia, the Church, the State, capitalism, and civilization exist there can be no truly better world. To that end, everything must be destroyed.

—Fray Baroque,
Queer Ultraviolence

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